

WEDDING BELLS RING

FOR SENATOR ROBERT A. POLLOCK AND MISS LILLIAN HENRIK.

Ceremony Performed at the Home of the Bride's Parents—An Auspicious Occasion—To Go to Columbus.

Senator Robert A. Pollock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pollock of North Lawrence and Miss Lillian Violet Henriek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henriek of this city, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's at 725 Mahoning street Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. The ring ceremony was used and was performed by Rev. Nau, pastor of the First Reformed church.

At 7 o'clock sharp the bridal party composed of Robert A. Pollock, Miss Lillian Henriek, Miss Edith Henriek and Attorney C. E. Huey, of Youngstown, marched down stairs to a corner of the parlor where the ceremony was performed. The wedding march was played by Miss Pearl Wiseman of Alliance, it being the wedding march from Lohengrin. In this corner of the room was beautifully built an arch of tuberoses and smilax. In the center of the arch hung a large bell made of white roses under which the bride couple stood while the vows were taken. The bride was attired in a white chiffon dress trimmed with lace. At the ceremony about 75 invited guests were present.

Immediately after the wedding a three course dinner was served at the Mason's dining hall on the fifth floor of the Masonic temple. The color scheme carried out for the dinner was pink and white. In the center of the hall was the table of the bridal party and to which also a few of the most intimate friends were seated. The following were at this table which was handsomely decorated: Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Pollock, Miss Edith Henriek, C. E. Huey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henriek, Miss Jean Pollock, Rev. Nau and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Chase. The cloth for the table was one of a delicate shade of pink. It was in an artistic manner decorated with smilax and white roses and the center was occupied by a large wedding cake. The other tables for the 125 guests who were present were arranged accordingly. A white spread covered the tables and from corner to corner diagonally ran pink ribbon about an inch and a half wide; at the end being large pink bows of ribbon. During the dinner sweet strains of music rendered by Emerson's orchestra added to the delight of the occasion. The three course dinner served was: First course fruit salad; second course, chicken salad, olives, cracker wafer and salted almonds; in the third course the color scheme was again carried in an effective way by the serving of cake and pink cream. After the dinner a reception was held in Masonic hall room at which dancing was indulged in, the music being furnished by Emerson's orchestra.

The following were among the many out of town guests: Hon. R. C. Huey of Youngstown, Hon. D. M. Ratchford, labor commissioner of Columbus; ex-Mayor Bell of Massillon, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wiese of Massillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Gherlin of Massillon, Geo. Hackett of Massillon, Doctors Vaughn and McGeorge from the Massillon State hospital, Mrs. Thomas Masters of Massillon, Mrs. John Blakeslee of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Dally of Canal Fulton, Miss Nellie Allinger of Wheeling, R. R. Pollock, a cousin of the groom, from North Lawrence, Miss Traxler of Newark and Miss Jean Pollock, a sister of the groom. The groom's parents were not in attendance at the ceremonies of the evening owing to the illness of his mother.

Many out of town guests who were not able to be present sent regrets in the form of telegrams and letters. They were received from the following: Governor Herrick and wife of Columbus, Hon. Harvey C. Garber of Columbus, Attorney General Wade Ellis of Columbus, Hon. M. W. Harvey of Cleveland, D. C. Rutan of Carrollton, Attorney E. S. Wertz of Wooster, and a number of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Pollock will leave for Columbus sometime Thursday and during the present session of the legislature will reside at 318 State street. Owing to legislative duties the wedding trip will be deferred to a later date. While in this city the bride and groom are being entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Chase of 1320 North Cleveland avenue. Their many friends remembered them with many beautiful presents of cut glass, silverware and leather upholstered furniture.

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE

Will Take Oath of Office Today at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 3.—Senator-elect Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin arrived here late this evening. He was accompanied by his wife and stenographer, Miss Dunn. He will take the oath of office tomorrow.

Senator LaFollette is recovering from a severe cold and tonight refused to receive visitors. He had a long conference with ex-Senator William M. Chandler, who is strongly favorable to railroad rate regulation.

MRS. ANNA COPE

Death of an Aged Resident of Homeworth.

Homeworth, O., Jan. 3.—Mrs. Anna Cope died Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Ira Hoffman, after a brief illness due to the infirmities of her advanced years. She had reached the 88th milestone of life's journey.

Mrs. Cope was a daughter of David and Abigail Fryfogte, and was born in Maryland, the youngest of ten children, March 14, 1817. With her parents she came to Knox township in the spring of 1823, and during a short time spent in Indiana, and Kansas, her years have been passed in the neighborhood of her early Ohio home.

Her husband's name was Elijah Cope, and to them ten children were born, of which number only two are surviving, these being David Cope, of Denver, Colo., and Benjamin Cope, residing in Kansas. The husband and father died Feb. 10, 1887.

Mrs. Cope was a member of the Bethel or Beech church and a true, constant Christian lady, ever enjoying the esteem of all who knew her.

Funeral services were held from the Hoffman home Wednesday at 10 a. m. and at the Beech church at 12 m., with burial at Beech cemetery.

BY TWENTY POINTS

DAWSON WON LAST NIGHT'S PLAY IN CHAMPIONSHIP POOL MATCH

Mack Started Off in the Lead But the Canton Man Forged Ahead and Now Leads by 104 Points.

Dawson still holds the lead in the pool match at Beck's pool room for the state championship. The score for last night's play was Dawson 210 and Mack 185. The total score now is Dawson 410 and Mack 306. Both players put up a steady game.

At the start Mack held the lead and when the 100 point was reached he was 30 balls ahead of Dawson, but when the score had reached 150 Dawson jumped to the lead and held it until the end. Dawson's highest run was 41 and Mack's 30. Several difficult shots were executed by both players and they called forth rounds of applause.

Near the end of the night's play Dawson attempted to shoot a ball straight into the pocket but instead of doing so, he banked it twice and when the ball came back it kissed off into the pocket called. This was the greatest piece of luck that either player has enjoyed during the match. The match, which is for a side bet of \$500 and the championship is for 1,000 balls (200 balls a night), and will be continued each night this week.

LOCAL TALENT

Will Give a Play at St. Cecilia Hall, January 10 and 11.

St. Peter's Dramatic club announce the production of "Miss Topsy Turvy" at St. Cecilia hall on the evenings of January 10 and 11. This club is the oldest dramatic organization the city and bears a well-earned reputation for the superior manner in which it caters to the amusement-loving public. The following is the cast of characters announced for the coming entertainment:

Topsy Turvy—Miss Celia Wernly, May Golden—Miss Minnie Peters, Mrs. Clarendon—Miss Ocella Wernet, Miss Spriggs—Miss Laura Hitz, Lord Clarence—Edward Kruck, Frank Golden—John Marks, Deacon Jones—Joseph Sturm, Ned—Leo Dick.

TALE OF FRAUD

Is Told in Philadelphia Case Where Charge of Falsifying Records Is Made.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 3.—The most sensational feature of today's proceedings in the trial of John W. Hill, former chief of the bureau of filtration, on charges of falsifying his records, with a view to aiding the contractors to defraud the city, came out during the closing of the cross-examination of Frederick Schaffhauser, Hill's former first assistant, and one of the star witnesses of the prosecution by Lawyer George S. Graham, who boldly intimated that the witness had concocted the "eat-it-up" story for the purpose of saving himself from arrest on a charge of fraud in connection with the filtration contracts.

FORMAL OPENING

Of the Tabernacle Skating Rink This Evening.

The formal opening of the Tabernacle skating rink will take place this evening.

A fairyland will be the spectacle presented by the many palm trees that completely surround the rink and the artificial fruit baskets which hang from the ceiling low to the edge of the rink and gradually slanting higher as they approach the center forming a perfect dome. The center basket is five feet in diameter and is filled with chrysanthemums while the others contain American beauty roses.

THE PRESIDENT

IS WILLING TO TAKE CHANCES ON TREATY

Roosevelt Doesn't Like the Santo Domingo Business Very Well But Believes in the Ratification.

Washington, Jan. 3.—At a time when all sorts of grave rumors are in the air as to what dissatisfied Republican and Democratic leaders propose doing to the president when the Santo Domingo treaty is brought up for discussion in the senate, the following statement from a high source of the president's attitude on the question is of deep interest:

"President Roosevelt does not consider that the Santo Domingo treaty and the conditions it would entail are necessarily to be regarded as desirable, he does not especially like the arrangement himself. But he points out to callers who have been asking for his views about it lately, that it is far better to ratify the treaty and assume the obligations it imposes than to reject it and take chances with the conditions that will then come.

"The president is anxious not to be misunderstood and misjudged about Santo Domingo. He is not disposed to aggressiveness in his campaign for ratification of the pact, but he does want senators to realize what he is trying to accomplish.

"To recent callers the president has pointed out that even now, when there is a revolution afoot in the island, the customs houses are not suffering the usual effects of revolution. Ordinarily the first point of attack is at the customs houses, because these are used as the financial backing of the factions controlling them. But now the customs houses are recognized as under American supervision and therefore secure from attack.

"If the senate does not like the plan which the treaty proposes for dealing with conditions in the island, the president would be glad to have it propose a better one. He has no pride of opinion or authorship of the treaty plan. He found a condition confronting him and he and the state department grappled with it in the best manner that they could figure out. To let conditions go on as they were before meant that foreign powers would continue concerned about the Dominican status; they would be complaining on behalf of their citizens, to the Washington government and these complaints, which are not heard by the senate, and only occasionally known about by the public, cannot possibly be appreciated by anybody outside the executive department of the government. In that department, however, there is a keen realization of the seriousness of the alternative which must be considered if the treaty is rejected.

The administration simply sees that he has offered a practicable plan for meeting a difficult situation. It, in effect, asks the senate to propose its own plan if it cannot bring itself to accept this one. It has no desire to force its opinion on the senate of the country, but it does feel a deep concern about meeting the situation which confronts it."

L. M. KILLIAN DEAD

Expired Suddenly from Heart Trouble Early Wednesday Morning.

Ex-Councilman Lorenzo M. Killian dropped dead from heart failure Wednesday morning at 7:40 o'clock in his wagon shed on the rear of his late residence, 1617 South Market street. For the past several months he has been ailing from heart trouble but has never had to give up his daily work. Mr. Killian was a son of the late George and Mary Killian. For a number of years he was a councilman and operated a meat market. A daughter, Mrs. Frank C. Walters was away on her wedding trip and was informed of the sad news upon her return to this city Wednesday evening. He was 45 years old and is survived by a wife, Mrs. Anna Eunice Killian and five children.

PLEASED THE AUDIENCE

"His Highness the Bey" at the Grand Opera House.

"His Highness the Bey," a musical satire in two acts was presented at the Grand Wednesday afternoon and evening with satisfaction.

A brilliant number was the opening chorus of Turkish soldiers, cadets, natives and newspaper reporters. A number of musical hits were among the prominent features. These were "The Orange Blossom Land," by Mabel McCane as Georgia and the ladies of the harem, and "Sweethearts of Boyhood Days," by the characters Georgia and W. H. Thompson, as Hartley Davies. Phil W. Peters as Louis Klutzhelmer a band leader from Kankakee, is a German comedian of much ability. He kept the audience in a constant uproar with his innumerable comical stunts. The brilliant chorus work was also a noticeable feature.

Played With Fire.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 3.—"You set my clothes on fire and see how quickly we can put it out," said Minnie Smith, 8 years old, of Glendale to a four-year-old playmate while the two were playing together at the Smith home today. The childish suggestion was carried out and the little girl was so badly burned that she died in a short time.

THE NEW CLARK HOME

Badly Damaged by Fire—Thought to Have Been Caused by Electric Wire.

About 5 o'clock Wednesday morning the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Clark, at the northeast corner of North Market street and Hartner avenue was badly damaged by fire. The home is to cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000 and the loss amounted to about \$8,000 on which there was \$8,000 insurance. The origin of the fire is attributed to an electric wire.

The discovery was made by neighbors who immediately reported to the central life station. By hard work the firemen controlled the flames. The fire appears to have started in the basement directly under the parlor. The large porch was ruined and the massive pillars charred. A fine mantel and a number of other costly furnishings were also destroyed. A number of floors must be relaid, and the plumbing suffered great damage. So intense was the heat that the stone sidewalks were cracked.

Mr. Clark was at the home of his mother when notified of the situation. He was soon upon the scene and directed the firemen to the interior of the building.

Decisive Blow Struck.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—The Daily News prints a cablegram from Odessa which says:

A semi-official dispatch from Tiflis reports that the armed insurrection in the Caucasus has proved so successful that it will be necessary for the authorities virtually to re-conquer the province. At Novorossisk the revolutionists have seized all the government offices, elected a prefect of their own, dismissed the police and established a civil guard. They have also captured the steamer Sebastopol of the Azov Steam Navigation company, a Russian corporation.

The supplies of gold and silver at the Odessa branch of the state bank are exhausted and no arrivals of specie from St. Petersburg are in sight.

PERSONAL

H. Wright of Norwalk, O., transacted business in Canton Wednesday.

H. G. Sheldon, a well known resident of Fremont, O., is in the city.

W. E. Ford of Mansfield, O., was a business visitor in the city Wednesday.

Robert Brown, who left today to resume his studies in Pittsburg college, entertained a few of his friends last evening in honor of the Rev. Father Dunne and Master James Dannemiller, of Canton, and James Dickinson, who will leave in the near future for his home in Toronto.—Massillon Independent.

Mapleton Briefs.

Mapleton, Jan. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sherer entertained a number of their friends New Years. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leohr, of Malvern; Mr. and Mrs. George Mong and son, Clarence, of Osnaburg; Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hursch, of Minerva; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Worley and family, of Osnaburg; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schory and son, Edward, of Minerva. Mr. David Krider, of Indiana, is spending a few days with his brother, Henry.

Newton Kinney was the lucky boy at the shooting match Monday, carrying home 11 chickens.

There will be preaching services at the Lutheran church Sunday evening. G. L. Baum is getting ready to build a new barn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kintie, of Canton, spent a few days with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Laubender spent Sunday and Monday with friends at Louisville.

Marchand News.

Marchand, Jan. 3.—Allen Sherriek and sons, of Canton, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Charles Spangler.

Miss Rea Whetstone, who is attending high school in Canton, is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Whetstone, during vacation.

Little Myrtle Demsey is on the sick list.

Lewis Marchand has moved in W. H. Braucher's house, west of town.

J. D. Warstler is going to have public sale in the near future.

Harry Floom of this place has gone to Chicago.

Scarcity in Spruce Gum.

Spruce gum is very scarce and very high. What little there is in the market brings 15 cents an ounce at retail. Some dealers think it is due not so much to the scarcity of the gum in the trees as to the few gum pickers. Gum picking is hard work and nets but a steady wage; and work to the picker, whereas work in the woods has been steady at high wages for the past few years.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

To Suppress Cock Crowing.

Portsmouth, Eng., has passed an ordinance for the suppression of cock crowing. The chicken fanciers say it cannot be suppressed but the London News says that a partial remedy consists in placing the perch where the cock roosts so high that when he stands up to crow he knocks his head against the roof and desists. A swinging board hung over his head answers the same purpose, it says.

MORNING NEWS AND BRING RESULTS.

OUT OF THE PAST.

Every fact has two faces. The face, that is the world's opinion of it, that is the false face, and that which the persons concerned know, that is the real face.—From Gordyee.

"It's a matter of a few hours with Chandler. I saw him this morning," said Harry Carston, meeting Arthur Glimmer at the club.

"M-m!" said Glimmer, with masculine expressiveness. "Yes. The poor devil is past speech now. The last words he spoke but one, were a jest. He laughed in the face of death and said: 'Well, I've had my fling. I guess we're about even. Life is a joke.' It's gratifying to see a man die game."

Glimmer smoked affirmatively, then reflectively. At last, his cigar having burned out, he said: "What was the last word?"

"A woman's name."

"Mrs. Cryder's?"

"Heavens, no! He tore up her card and threw it at his valet."

"Any reason why I shouldn't know who 'tis'?"

"None at all. By gad! There she goes now. Come to the window."

Glimmer saw a tall woman wrapped in dark fur speeding past in a sleigh. Her fine, firm profile silhouetted against the late afternoon dusk, might have been deemed a shade too strong had not the roundness and childish frankness of her gray eyes and the archly smiling red lips deprecated the charge. She was chatting gaily with a quiet, ordinary man beside her.

"Miss Grayling," said Glimmer.

"Mrs. John Armstrong now," corrected Carston. "They were married while you were in Europe. He is a Virginian."

"Rich?" asked reflectively and non-oxylable Glimmer.

"Only moderately. He hasn't half her fortune."

"Clever?"

"Not at all."

"Why did she do it?"

"It was in pique, after a quarrel with Chandler."

"She doesn't look as though she regrets Chandler."

"No, they are very happy."

"And Chandler?"

"Oh, he went the pace for a year and pretended to be getting a lot out of life. As a matter of fact, though, I think it killed Chandler."

John Armstrong helped his wife take off her furs. A card lay on the mantel. "Millington here from Richmond!" he exclaimed. "And at suite D. He's here on that railroad deal. I think I'd better run over to see him at once."

"I know, you grasping man that you are, chaffing to get some poor corporation's money. So run along, but don't be gone long, will you, dear?"

"No longer than I can help, you know."

"I know," and the man and woman looked at each other with an expression rare in human eyes, that of perfect understanding.

The door closed behind him and she carried the evening paper to the window where she might read it by the last glow of the winter sunset.

"Bad Death of a Popular Clubman and Bon Vivant," she read, suppressing a yawn. I wonder who it is. The cold has made me drowsy. "Edward Chandler Dies Alone!" Ah!

"If it were possible for a golf girl to get tired I should say I were almost tired tonight," she was saying, smiling brightly. "It is well it is who are so delightfully entertaining and—and everything—who survives that crush. If you were a bore I think I should faint. When we are married I think I shall have just two 'at homes' a month. You know there are about two congenial persons out of one hundred we meet. Fifty are unmitigated bores, and the other forty-eight are—well—antagonisms. One of the antagonisms followed me about and was dreadfully insistent."

"A male or female antagonism?" asked the man jealously.

"Female, you silly! Mrs. Cryder. Do you know her well?"

"Rather," he said, indistinctly.

"I beg your pardon."

"Yes, I believe I do."

The man was silent. He waited while the bijou mantel clock struck six. He looked at the girl's white gown, and flidged with the gauze ribbon that had fallen across the arm of the tete-a-tete.

The girl's clear eyes looked her surprise and demanded an answer.

"I know her husband. I was their guest at Southampton at several house parties. That was several years ago."

"How many?"

"Perhaps four. I met them long before your time, dear." He looked into her steady eyes with affection and with a slight deprecation.

"Mrs. Cryder was particularly anxious to know when we met. She purred loud in her anxiety," the girl continued. "I told her it was the summer of '98, at Newport, just after I left school. She seemed a little taken back, and I saw she was making some sort of calculation. Then she asked if we had been engaged long before the announcement was made. I was going to say 'nearly a year. Mother did not want it announced till our mourning for papa was over.' But she was in such a flutter over it that I said instead, 'I didn't know you were in the employ of the newspapers, Mrs. Cryder.'"

"You polished her off well," the

man said feebly. Then with something like anger, "I would have nothing more to do with her if I were you."

"Why?"

"Please tell me about it, Ned; every bit. There must be no secrets between the engaged, you know."

The man was a fool?

When the recital was finished and he dared to look into her face he exclaimed at the change in it. She had grown old in a quarter of an hour. Her lips, habitually curving into smiles or laughter, had taken on the straight, unlovely line of resolution. Her eyes were averted. She arose.

"I am very tired. You must excuse me now."

"Eleanor," the man faltered. He put out his hand as though for support, but he dared not touch the straight young figure in white.

"I told you because I wanted to allay your suspicions. You are so clever. It was really nothing, as the world goes. And you have changed all that forever."

"It is the time that concerns me," she said with an abrupt little laugh. "Like Mrs. Cryder, I find dates absorbing."

"You will not be quixotic, dearest," he said beseechingly. "You will be your just, generous self in this."

"Yes," she promised, giving him her hand and turning her cheek to his kiss.

Edward Chandler ran up the steps of the old-fashioned home on lower Fifth avenue with the eagerness of a boy. He rang the bell twice impetuously, and old Brown, the butler, smiled indulgent welcome.

"I know your ring, sir," he said. "Miss Grayling is waiting for you in the library."

"She is giving me a minute of blessed privacy, dear girl," he thought. I knew I could depend upon her sense of justice." Old Brown smiled as he hurried to the library.

"No, please," she said, putting out her hand to prevent his embrace. "I have something to tell you. Take your favorite chair. You must be cold. How raw the weather is!"

"Did you get my letters while you were in Virginia? I wrote every day of the month you were gone, and have not heard a line from you."

"Yes."

"Eleanor," he pleaded.

"Yes, I shall tell you at once," she said steadily. "I went away because I wanted to escape mamma and her arguments."

"I wanted to think about it alone, to let my decision be an unbiased one."

"I never cared about that part of your life before we met, and even before we loved each other." She frowned slightly at this trap that memory had set for her voice and went steadily on. "But there are beliefs, needs. I might call them, that are fundamental. You have yours and I have mine; they are no less indispensable because they are different."

"Don't idealize, Eleanor. Come back to earth and to me. You may trust me."

"Possibly," she said, gazing into the fire, "but I cannot forget. You may minimize the intrigue with Mrs. Cryder as you like. Suppose it had lasted but five minutes. It continued after you say you loved me."

"I did love you," almost shouted Chandler. "You knew the circumstances. You know that woman—"

"Never blame a woman for your vacillation." The girl's lips curled slightly, her nostrils dilated. "The intrigue continued. I care not how long or short a time. And this was while I was thinking of you with all a girl's first romance and idealities."

"Forgive me, Eleanor!" There was no mistaking the love in the man's eyes, and the girl looked away from it and out upon the stream of equipages on the avenue.

"Forgive you? I could, and I do. But don't you realize that I could not forget? Don't you know that she would walk beside us, if not between us, in silence?"

"Fudge!" said Chandler weakly and irritably. "I love you. Isn't that enough?"

"You didn't love me enough at the beginning to be literally true to me. That is a small thing to you, perhaps. It has stopped the flow of my affection for you forever."

"You are too proud to ever be happy," the man lunged at her miserably. "My husband should be my king," the girl returned rising, "but I shall be his queen. I shall have dominion over that part of his life which I have entered."

"I will wait as long as you like. That foolish incident will fade from your life."

The woman who had been upon the heights became a girl as usual again. "I—please consider me your friend," she said while she looked abstractedly at the portieres.

John Armstrong, indistinguishably plain, unquestionably self-conscious, pushed them aside and entered. The same look was in his eyes that was in Chandler's, except for its misery.

"An revolver, Miss Grayling," said Chandler.

"Goodbye," said Miss Grayling. "I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Armstrong."

"Alone in the dark, dear," exclaimed Armstrong. "I am sorry I was gone so long. I had to tear myself away from Middleton as it was."

"Never mind. I was sitting here thinking how happy we are, and I didn't notice it had grown dark. And, John! Let us go home as soon as we can. I am homesick for the big white pillars on the veranda, and the Jersys, and the Arklies, and the dogs, and John"—with a catch in her voice.

"—for old-fashioned loyalty and truth"—Runkana Shukerman-Rovine.